

PR 2883

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1885a



SEVEN AGES OF MAN


The title "SEVEN AGES OF MAN" is centered on a horizontal, dark, textured banner. The banner is flanked by symmetrical, intricate floral and leafy flourishes that extend outwards and upwards from the ends of the banner. The text is in a bold, serif, all-caps font.

THE

Seven Ages of Man.

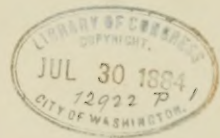
FROM

✓
Shakespeare's "As You Like It."



THE ARTISTS' EDITION.

Illustrated with Photogravures from Original Paintings.



PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

LONDON: 15 RUSSELL STREET, COVENT GARDEN

1885.

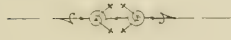
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List of Illustrations.



ARTIST.

The Infant	R. S. Church.
The School-Boy	William St. John Harper.
The Lover	Thomas Howden.
The Soldier	Gilbert Gaul.
The Justice	A. B. Frost.
The Lean and Slipped Pantaloons	W. F. Smedley.
Second Childishness	Walter Shirlaw.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances:
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances:
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

The Infant.

All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players:

They have their exits and their entrances;

And one man in his time plays many parts,

His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.



The School-Boy.

And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel

And shining morning face, creeping like snail

Unwillingly to school.



— The — Exoner.

And then the lover,

Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad

Made to his mistress' eyebrow.



The Soldier.

Then a soldier,

Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,

Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,

Seeking the bubble reputation

Even in the cannon's mouth.



The Justice.

And then the justice,

In fair round belly with good capon lined,

With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,

Full of wise saws and modern instances;

And so he plays his part.



→ The → Bean and → Slipped → Pantalon.

The sixth age shifts

Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,

With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,

His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide

For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,

Turning again toward childish treble, pipes

And whistles in his sound.



Second Childishness.

Best scene of all,

That ends this strange eventful history,

His second childishness and mere oblivion,

Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.





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